

If Not Today

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Category: Digimon

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-30 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-30 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:45:42

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,977

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Geez, what IS it with me and making Jyou suicidal? Yeesh!

Erm.. anyway.. this is a.. rather.. strange.. fic...

If Not Today

> <meta name="Author"> If Not Today Author's notes: I have reason to believe that I have a bizarre obsession with killing Jyou. Or at least, making him suicidal. He's just so fun to kill... maybe it's 'cause he's so squishy cute no da. ^_^ (though, of course, not quite as squishy cute as my Koushiro is. NOBODY is as squishy cute as Koushiro.=) Anyway, on with the fic!

"If not today"

"All right. You can do this," I said to myself, voice barely above a whisper. "You can do this."

> I stared at the knife in my hands as if it was a sacred object as I ran my thumb over the smooth edge of the blade. I had to do this. I promised myself I would do this. No matter what, today would be the last day of my entire life. <p>

It wasn't that I didn't want to live. I did, more than anything. But I had never been anything more than a burden to everyone around me. The only thing I was good for was being logical, and that didn't happen very often. And worst of all, my Crest from the Digital World was a lie. Even though its symbol represented reliability, I was always the first one to let people down when they needed someone to depend on.

> I bit my lip and reached up behind my glasses to wipe away the tears which were forming in my eyes. It's better this way, I thought. Or at least, it will be, if you can trust yourself not to give up and chicken out for once in your life.
 Slowly I lowered the knife to my wrist and pressed the flat of the blade against the artery. The metal was cold on my skin and I shivered before tilting it to cut down into the flesh.

Blood had always scared me, and before I had sliced a deep cut it

began to seep out, running down my wrist and dripping onto the kitchen counter. I stared at it, stomach lurching at the sight of the red liquid. There was a moisture in my eyes again and my vision blurred. I could feel myself weakening, and I gripped the counter for support. Jyou, you idiot, I thought, mind seeming to scream in frustration. Don't think about it, just get it over with!

>
 I positioned the knife above my wrist once again, closing my eyes so I couldn't see the dark mess of red which was dripping onto the floor. Though this provided a little comfort, I could feel myself shaking all over with fear. My hands were unsteady, trembling. Stay calm, I thought. Just stay calm. If you don't think about it, it'll be fine. You can do this.

> Apparently, the part of my mind which controlled my body had other ideas. The knife fell to the ground, landing in the small pool of blood which had collected there. I fell against the counter, my body completely numb with fright. And then, a shrill noise disturbed my thoughts. <p>

I opened my eyes slowly, mind taking a while to register what was happening. Ringing. The phone was ringing. Slowly I made my way over to the kitchen phone and picked up the receiver, holding my wrist out over the sink, hoping I would have less of a mess to clean up that way. Well, I thought, you've chickened out again. Surprise, surprise.

"Moshi moshi," I muttered into the phone, cringing slightly when I realized how out of it I must sound. "This is the Kido residence."

> "Jyou? Is that you?" A voice, one that I knew well.
 "Koushiro? Yeah, it's me," I replied, sighing. Great, I thought. Just great... he just HAD to call in the middle of this. He just HAD to call now, not before, not later, but now.

> "You sound strange... is something wrong?" His voice had a concerned tone to it.
 "Uh... something wrong? No..." I cringed, glancing at my bleeding wrist and the knife on the floor. No, nothing wrong at all...

> There was a moment of silence, then I heard his voice on the other end. "You're lying, Jyou. Somethings wrong."
 I bit my lip, silently cursing to myself. I had always been terrible at lying... I was fine at keeping my mouth shut, but I never really mastered the art of twisting the truth.

> "Koushiro.. why did you phone me, any way?" I asked, trying to change the subject.
 "Call it... intuition. I just felt like I should. But never mind that... I know there's something going on.." His voice sounded small, worried.

> I swallowed. Up until now, I had never told anyone about my plans, because I knew they would stop me. But what good was keeping the secret if I always stopped myself?
 "Koushiro.. just forget about it."

> "No. I won't," he said firmly, almost angrily. "I won't. I can tell somethings wrong. Don't lie to me, Jyou. You know I hate it when people lie to me."
 His voice stung, as if a thousand needles were pricking me all at once. I have to tell him, I thought. If there was ever anyone who would keep the secret, he would. In an instant, I made up my mind. He had to know. I swallowed, trying to find the best way to put it. Better just put it bluntly, I thought. And yet, when I tried to speak, my voice came out small, timid. "Koushiro..." I whispered, sinking to the floor as my legs gave out. "I just slit my wrist."

I could hear his breath quicken, as if he was afraid. Great, I thought. I've scared him. Either that or ticked him off... well, what else is new.

> "Why, Jyou?"
 I cringed. It was the question... the one that I wished I didn't have to answer. I knew how it would go.. I would spill my guts, he would be angry that I did something so stupid, and then he would be all pitying, and then he would make me promise never to do it again. I hated pity. It made me feel even more worthless than I already was.. it was a downer, rather than the encouraging feeling that it was supposed to be. Pity. Hah, who needs it. I'd end up right where I started...

> "Do you really want to know why?" I replied, surprised at how cold my voice sounded.
 "Yeah, Jyou... I want to know why." He paused for a moment, as if thinking. Then he spoke again, voice shaking slightly. "Is it because of me?"

> "What? What're you talking about?"
 "Well, I've kind of been a jerk to you lately..."

> At this, I couldn't help but smile, if only slightly. No, Koushiro, I thought. You're never a jerk. Not to anyone, not even me.
 "No... it's not you," I replied, hoping it would relieve him of some of his worry.

> "Well, then what is it?"
 "I just...." Sighing, I glanced at my wrist, which had stopped bleeding, for the most part. Luckily I hadn't cut deep enough to hit the vein. "I just feel... worthless. Like I'm pulling everyone down... Like the group would do a lot better without me, you know? I heard Taichi and Yamato talking once. They think I'm a coward. Not that I really blame them.. I haven't exactly done anything to make them think different of me. But...nothing I've ever done has ever really amounted to anything.."

> Koushiro fell silent for a few minutes. I was beginning to think he had somehow hung up, when I heard him speak, his voice soft and teary.
 "Jyou..... You're not worthless.."

> Great, I thought. I could detect the pity in his voice.. it made me sick to think of it. "Look, Koushiro, don't try that with me, because it isn't going to work."
 "No, listen to me. You've done more than you think.." Something in the way he said it made me change my mind about arguing with him.

> "What are you talking about?" I asked, slightly confused.
 "Jyou... do you remember the Digital World? Do you remember when we were fighting Piedmon?"

> I frowned. "How could I forget? It was the worst time of my life."
 "Do you remember when we were running from him, and we had to get across the gap or else we'd be turned into key chains? You risked yourself just so I could get across... Were you worthless then, Jyou? Were you a coward then?"

> "But-"
 "And do you remember when we were hiding behind that rock when everybody else was fighting?" he interrupted, voice persistent. "I was freaked out.. nearly going insane with fear... but then you held my hand and I wasn't as scared any more. Were you worthless then?"

> I thought back to that scene. I couldn't really remember much... it had all happened so fast... everyone was fighting, and it was chaos in its purest form. We had taken shelter behind a rock and were watching the battle. When I glanced at Koushiro, he was trembling with fear, black eyes filled with horror as he looked on. So, I did the only thing I could do. I held his hand, hoping it would bring him some comfort. I guess it worked, because he seemed to calm down a bit and stopped shaking. I had never really thought much about it... it had been so automatic, such a natural gesture that it hadn't seemed

to matter. Though apparently it did... <p>

"You're not worthless, Jyou. You never were, you never will be. We need you, Jyou." He paused for a moment, then said softly, "I need you."

> I stared down at my wrist, not sure what to say. Nobody had ever told me anything like that before. And Koushiro... he was practically the only one in my life who really mattered...
 "Promise me, Jyou.. promise you'll never try anything like that again."

> "All right," I whispered, nodding as though he could see. "I promise."
 His relief was obvious. "Thanks... it means a lot to me. I don't know what we'd do.. what I'd do.. if you were gone. I... I don't want to lose you."

> A small smile flickered across my lips. "You can't lose me. Bet your life... I'm here, and I'll always be here. I promise you that much."
 "I'm glad... oh shoot."

> "What's wrong?"
 "My parents are going to be home any minute, and I'm not allowed on the phone. Sorry, Jyou... I really have to go."

> "That's fine," I replied, sighing. "It's not a problem. See you later?"
 "Yeah... tomorrow, maybe. Just.. remember what I said."

> "I will." I paused for a moment, a thought running through my mind. I wasn't one to act on impulse, but this was the perfect moment to say what was on my mind. I inhaled deeply and prepared myself for the reaction. "Koushiro, I-" I cut myself off in mid-sentence. There was no sound on the other line... unless you count the dial tone.
 I smiled. Irony was like that... oh well, I thought. I'll tell him someday... if not today, maybe tomorrow. If not tomorrow.. maybe today.

> <p>

End
file.